

OPENING OF AIRMEN'S DATE BUREAU DELAYED

Barrack Bilge

By R-141901

By now even the least observant of you must have noticed a good number of book-carrying boys in blue around the campus; and it is quite possible that at one time or other you have wondered just what business they have imposing on the sacred precincts of your Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning. As a matter of fact a lot of us aren't quite sure ourselves, but nevertheless dedicate this issue to the attempted answer to this provocative question.

Before we go any further we would like to sincerely thank the management of the "Daily" for giving us the opportunity to publish this Air Force Issue. We mean every word of that, but at the same time those of you who are regularly on deck Tuesday night may read the above with a grain of salt—we who have worked on college newspapers can well understand your relief in knowing that for a change somebody else will have to worry about putting it to bed.

And now let's talk about us. Like you, we take lectures and labs, cram for exams, and snicker at the odd bit of filler in the "Daily"—but beyond that any resemblance is purely coincidental. For instance, if you skip a lecture then, ipso facto, you skip a lecture and that's all there is to it. But if we cut one we take a terrific chance of peeling countless numbers of spuds (our kitchen is not as yet mechanized!).

There's one more thing we have in common with coltish people. We are invariably financially embarrassed. Pay parade was last Monday but after paying off past debts things are unfortunately getting back to normal again. In regards to this we were rather interested in the recent observation of a prominent psychologist: "Quite a number of people are to be found who worry about nothing at all." Especially if it happens to be in one's money belt, say we.

One suit a year has its disadvantages, but at least we don't have to worry about what to wear on various occasions—formal dances or labs, it's all the same. The suits stand up pretty well but towards the end of the year there is a tendency for certain parts to show signs of this continual wear. We remember a friend of ours whose trouser pants got so shiny that when they finally split he embarked on a seven year period of bad luck.

In talking to the regular Daily staff about the Engineering Issue we were told that the greater part of it was written by chaps under an assumed name. We get it—they called themselves writers.

One of the things that all men in the armed forces remember long after is the day they got armed—not with a rifle but with a needle. If you hit the jackpot you eventually get 14 shots of various types of juice reputed to stall off enumerable diseases. The worst of these injections are the ones known far and wide by the sinister sounding name of "T.A.B.T." You end up

Around the Globe

Britain Concedes Singapore in Danger

Informed sources state this due to lack of naval superiority. Simultaneous warning to public to be prepared for the fall of Hong Kong. British smash two German and two Italian divisions in desert trap. Russians retake Kalinin and annihilate ninety thousand Nazis.

Hong Kong Reports Few Casualties

Canadian troops in Hong Kong in trying role. Casualties few, states Ralston. Ottawa receiving reports daily. Three students die in Mt. Allison University fire. Premier King celebrates his sixty-seventh birthday. Second anniversary of landing of first Canadian division in England. Three thousand five hundred Canucks wed English girls.

U.S. Censor Appointed

President Roosevelt names Byron Price, A.P. correspondent, censor and arbiter of all war news. Japs used two-torpedo, midget submarines, forty-one feet in length, in attack on Pearl Harbour. Hawaiian Islands shelled by enemy.

Boys in Blue Bolt Barracks to Banter With Bashful Beauts

Coeds Play Hosts To Radio Technicians Tonight in R.V.C.

Tonight the Boys in Blue have been invited to enjoy the hospitality of Royal Victoria College. Many lads belonging to the McGill Detachment who were privileged to be present on the occasion of the first such invitation are still on this station. To say only that these particular lads are awaiting this evening's pleasures with enthusiasm is to present a relatively "bashful" front. The honest facts are that this fortunate group of Airmen have been boosting the stock of McGill co-eds ever since. They have been super salesmen because they were selling the finest in the land and because they themselves were sold.

These Airmen enjoyed that first dance out of all proportion to their expectations. They had, up until then, survey the campus' attractions with a cool eye and had met a similar coolness in return. A circuit had existed in which all the necessary elements were present but the circuit was not oscillating. Perhaps their first invitation to a dance had been looked upon by Airmen as a concession to duty on the part of the co-eds. But—God be praised—the friendly atmosphere encountered at R.V.C., and the high potential of feminine charm that was acting, broke down all reserve.

Afterwards, Airmen immediately looked forward to a repetition of the party with the expectation that oscillations would reach a new peak.

The Committee planning tonight's Air Force Party have announced that only a few more girl's names are wanted to complete the lists. Sign up in the Arts Building Common Room between 11 and 12 today. As soon as the lists have been filled, no more names will be accepted.

Those who have signed up are asked to call for their boxes at the Porter's office, R.V.C. and check off their names. Girls must be on hand by 8.15 p.m.

These lads know that the co-eds, removed from the doubtful society of Artsmen and Plumbers, will not be bashful. Together with the new Gentlemen Airmen at McGill (who by now are fully charged and primed for oscillations) they look forward to the coveted pleasures of a party at R.V.C.

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Representative Tries to Solve Canteen Mystery

Lack of Toast Traced to Lack Of Toasters

So great has the thirst for knowledge become among the so-called radio mechanics, that not satisfied with learning whatever it is we're being taught, in all its complicated phases, they have become inquisitive about those rather vague quantities, canteen profits, and amounts spent for extra messing. Let one, who is as much in the dark as yourselves, attempt an explanation of the baffling question.

Any attempted sleuthing is usually forestalled by numerous "Out of Bounds" signs quite prominently displayed in the kitchen, store-rooms, and any other place where material for such a repast as this may come to light, but yours truly, showing a devotion to duty and a spirit of self-sacrifice so important in these troubled times, spent a day serving in the kitchen at the request of the powers-that-be, and otherwise locked doors were flung open.

NO COFFEE CHANGE

At the canteen meeting, we were told that money was borrowed to begin the dry canteen, but this can be paid back at any time and still leave a balance to our credit in the bank. All our canteen profits are devoted to extra messing with the exception of small amounts, such as petty cash. In short, between two hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars are spent each month to supplement our rations. And a

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Airman Gains Beauty Award

Cosmopolitan Club Honours Air Force In Surprise Move

In a beauty contest to end all beauty contests, the Cosmopolitan Club, at its Christmas party Tuesday evening, elected the McGill Menace to Frustrated Females. Mildst cheers of applause, a surprised Airman was proclaimed the male Campus Queen.

Despite the sudden and unprovoked attack, this little lad in blue stood his ground like a true soldier. Blushing, but holding his head erect, he faced his Nemesis calmly, knowing full well the fate that lay in store for him.

The event was one of the "surprises" promised by the Cosmopolitan Club to the entirely unsuspecting guests. Not even the contestants had an inkling of what lay in store. The attack was well executed, and feeble male protests were promptly subdued.

All in all, the affair was a great success. No longer need the co-eds of McGill ponder over the relative beauty of the campus "he's". At last it has been decided for all time to come. Once again the Royal Canadian Air Force showed its gallant spirit. Per Ardua Ad Astra!

Air Force Issue

All news, sports, features and editorials appearing in this issue have been written and edited by the staff of the Air Force Daily. The managing board of the McGill Daily have taken no part in this production other than in a technical capacity.

C.O.'s Message

When I was approached by the boys in our Detachment for a message to appear in the Air Force issue of the Daily, I realized that here was my golden opportunity to bring to all who form part of this wonderful university a most sincere and grateful message in two simple words:

THANK YOU

On behalf of our entire group, I can assure you how much we appreciate your kind co-operation and assistance which has been so freely given. We are deeply grateful for the opportunity of becoming, for a time, part of your activities, and sincerely hope our training here will enable us to carry on according to the highest traditions that have always been associated with McGill.

McGill R.M.'s Women's Ed. To Get Leave Polls Coeds

McGill Airmen Welcome Yuletide

Christmas is the time when airmen, like everyone else, forget their sorrows and disappointments in the gay festivities of the Yuletide season. This year, however, as on the last two Christmases, our conviviality will be somewhat tempered by the thought of our absent comrades who are scattered over the Empire defending that liberty which enables us to celebrate the Christmas spirit.

Most of us, the McGill airmen, will be returning to our homes with five days leave. Men who have been unable, on account of the distance to be covered, to see their families and friends for many months will have the opportunity for a fond reunion with those they hold most dear—those without whom the gayest party loses its zest.

Our quarters too are partaking of the Christmas atmosphere. A goodly tree, in full decorative bloom, has grown up overnight in our lounge, and the walls and windows are ornamented in keeping with the season. A new air of jollity pervades the old house, despite a rather dampening Christmas greeting from Ottawa in the shape of an announcement that Final and Bar examinations will be held in January.

The citizens of Montreal are being more than hospitable in their treatment of those unfortunate airmen who will be unable to reach their homes this Christmas. To

Sergeant Hooked; Joins Benedicks

All Airmen on the McGill Station join in offering congratulations to our beloved Sergeant Campbell on the announcement of his forthcoming marriage to Miss Jessie M. Marr. We wish him and his bride happiness and prosperity and may all his troubles be big enough to occupy most of his time.

Sergeant Campbell has been a good father to all of us and we therefore approve his devotion to a task for which he is so well fitted. Carry on Sarge.

Message to the Radiolocators From Director Dr. D. A. Keys

On this occasion, when for the first time in the history of McGill University, the McGill Daily is being edited by members of the R.C.A.F., I am happy to take this opportunity of congratulating the Radio Mechanics on the wholehearted enthusiasm with which they have entered into the life of McGill. Your presence on the Campus has added both colour and inspiration to the student body and your earnest endeavour both at lectures and in the laboratory is in accordance with the highest traditions of McGill. We realize, as you do, that the part you are training to take in Canada's war effort is an important one, requiring intensive and hard work.

Your sojourn at McGill is brief but we hope it will be such that in the years to come you will always look back on these sixteen weeks with pleasure and profit. We are happy to have you with us, we appreciate your co-operation and support in accomplishing a difficult task and we hope many of you will return at some future date to become McGill students again. All the instructors join me in wishing you success both in your present studies and in your future active service; we feel confident that you will be worthy of the high responsibility which will be yours later. May you truly fulfill the high ideals of the Air Force, "per ardua ad astra."

DAVID A. KEYS,
Director, McGill Radio Mechanics Course.

Proposal Gets Complete Approval From McGill Co-eds and Regret Is Voiced Over Postponement

Reilley Sends Best Wishes

Professor Extols Detachment and Sends Blessings

The following Christmas message to the Radio Technicians from Professor H. E. Reilley will be highly appreciated by the whole Detachment. We all realize what a tremendous job confronts Professor Reilley upon the arrival of each addition to the McGill Detachment, but despite the ardour of his task, he has successfully guided the majority of us over the varied and intricate difficulties encountered during the perplexing introduction to Radio Engineering. We wish to extend to him our sincere thanks, and best wishes for a merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

"It has been a pleasure and an inspiration to be associated with the members of the R.C.A.F., who are specializing in Radio Technique. My impression has been that you are a serious-minded group, keen and anxious to qualify for the work in which you believe you can best serve. Courteous in demeanor and congenial in spirit, you have won for yourselves the esteem and admiration of those entrusted with your academic instruction.

"You have heard the Empire's call, to which you have responded in a practical way. With a full sense of having done your duty, you will go forward with an inward satisfaction in defense of those principles which you feel are the rights of every individual.

"May kind Providence be pleased to return you to your native land, where you may serve in peace as in war in the fullest development of

Louise Rainer To Visit McGill

Radio Technicians Attract Famous Movie Actress

It has been rumoured from very reputable sources that Louise Rainer, after being informed that the R.C.A.F. would be represented at the meeting, immediately expressed her keen delight and anticipation at being able to address so fine an audience. McGill students will also attend—even the engineers.

Attention is drawn to all McGill students and Airmen alike that this meeting is to be held on Thursday in Moyse Hall at 5.00 p.m., sponsored by the McGill War Council. Besides Miss Rainer, an Academy Award actress, the meeting will also be addressed by Mr. Joseph E. Davies, the former American ambassador to Russia. Both have kindly consented to come here before their Forum concert in the evening and McGill feels justly proud.

The meeting is in connection with the sending of medical aid to Russia. The speakers are to be introduced by prominent McGill personages, and Mr. Davies will deliver an address on Russia, its importance in the world's struggle for freedom, and its need of medical aid.

Thanks to C.O.

The McGill Detachment of the Royal Canadian Air Force wish to take this opportunity of expressing their sincere thanks to P.T. Lieutenant Fuller for his permission and kind co-operation in putting out the Air Force Issue of the McGill Daily.

Standard Application Form Compiled in Secret Session

Campus Opinion Sought Regarding Men in Blue

Reporter Finds Engineers Envious, Co-eds Cautious

The opinions of the regular members of the Campus are naturally of great interest to us transients. The following are the unabridged and uncensored opinions of those members of the faculty, student body and staff whom the reporter interviewed.

The first student we talked to, Beau Brummel of the Third year engineering, stated that, although he didn't know many of them personally, he had heard plenty. He said, moreover, that he considered the McGill airmen the backbone of the S.C.M. as they could be relied on to add colour to any meeting they attended. Next we interviewed two other members of the Plumber's brigade who, although not quite so picturesquely attired, shed further light on our subject by stating that they were prejudiced against the airmen because they attributed the woman shortage to their social efforts. But they also added that Engineering students have no time off from their studies to be interested in the doings of the boys in blue.

Leaving them to their coffee, we next spoke to the lady who ministers to the Pit patrons. She said that the airmen she attended to in the mornings are all so tired that they never give any trouble, and that they seem to be a very decent lot.

Before leaving the Pit, we approached a lady who was taking a solitary cup of Java at a side table. She stated that, while she didn't know any of the McGill airmen personally, she had heard about a wonderful Texan at the R.V.C. dance.

Next we hied ourselves to the Library where we had a very pleasant conversation with the librarians. The consensus seemed to be that the airmen are a quiet, studious group, whose deportment is excellent. We also elicited the rather disappointing information that library attendance of the fair sex has actually fallen off slightly since the influx of airmen.

Rather discounting this news, we hopefully went from table to table seeking independent viewpoints. And the girls gave us an earful. We were told that the airmen are a good enough bunch but not well enough known. We were informed, by one particularly charming young lady that she didn't know

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Authorities Weigh Suggestions

A secret session was held in the McGill Union, Monday evening, December 15, 1941, by ten men all dressed in blue, from the McGill detachment of the R.C.A.F.

It is now definitely understood that the purpose of this conference was a matter of great significance and from usually reliable sources we learn that the topic of discussion was the inauguration of a Date Bureau.

Seated at the table were authorities on this subject, who carefully weighed each proposal before the final plans were drawn. However, unforeseen difficulties have intervened, and the opening day of the Date Bureau has been postponed, for further consideration.

McGill co-eds interviewed were of the opinion that the idea was basically sound but were somewhat hesitant until assured that a form would be printed on which co-eds could accurately and completely describe the airman which they preferred.

Requests for dates with Airmen from co-eds, and applications for dates with co-eds by the Radio Mechanics would be handled in a strictly confidential manner. The identity of all parties including that of the operator of the bureau would not be divulged.

The Date Bureau, although a new project as far as the McGill Detachment is concerned, is a tried and tested institution which has worked successfully at a number of

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Forge Magazine Will Make Bow

Air Force Gets Special Reduction At Sale Today

Members of the R.C.A.F. Detachment at McGill will be able to purchase copies of the Forge at the reduced rate of 20 cents when it goes on sale today; the Managing Board of the magazine announced last night.

Designed to foster more concession and closer co-operation between the R.C.A.F. and McGill, this reduction will be granted solely to the airmen. The usual price of 25 cents a copy will prevail for all students and others.

The FORGE will go on sale this afternoon at the Union Tuck Shop, Bill Gentlemen in the Arts Building, Fred Barton in the Engineering Building, and Mr. Marshall in the Medical Building.

Members of the staff will also sell copies in the various buildings during the morning. With only 500 copies printed this year and with the concession to the airforce, it is expected that an early sell-out will take place.

Around the Barracks

Today: Reveille at 6.30 a.m. followed by a little session of boot, button and tooth polishing. Breakfast will be served at 7. . . . Weekly Sports Session in the afternoon—let us pray that it won't develop into another P.T. session like last week. . . . R.V.C. Dance at night for 100 airmen from A, B, and D Flights, starting at 8.30. Another 20 will go to the I.O.D.E. Dance at the same time. . . . The day will finish with a mad rush for the door at 2359 hours.

Tomorrow: Just about the same as any other day.

In the Future: Rumours of an additional pay parade before Christmas. . . . Five days of utter relaxation over Christmas—or if you're the type you can work for either the Bar Exam on January 5 or the Final Exam on January 26. . . . Going any further into the future scares us.

McGill Daily

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The Board wishes to thank all those Air-men who helped out by contributing pieces for the issue.

Montreal, Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1941
Vol. XXXI—No. 55

A Vote of Thanks...

Thanks McGill! We appreciate the hospitality you have shown us in our brief stay on your Campus. Make no mistake about it, the Boys in Blue really appreciate everything you've done for them. We only wish we could do something in return. And getting down to more immediate things, thank you very much, members of the McGill Daily, for giving those of us with printer's ink in our veins a chance to have one more fling at the fun and confusion of putting out a paper. We only hope that our efforts will not detract too much from the already fine name the McGill Daily has gained in the world of college journalism.

Our Course...

The following is a condensation of an article by Dr. A. Norman Shaw, which appeared in the autumn issue of the McGill News. When approached by one of our reporters Dr. Shaw said: "The Physics department has regarded it a great privilege to assist in this work, and to have such a splendid body of young men using the laboratory."

The men of the Royal Canadian Air Force who are at present on the campus, have all enlisted voluntarily and are here for a period of sixteen weeks taking the Radio Technicians course. These men are urgently needed in the prosecution of the war to do specialized work and the training of large numbers of these technicians is second to none in its importance as an essential contribution toward ultimate victory.

Radio apparatus is an important adjunct in modern mechanical warfare and is used both in offense and defense. The use of the radiolocator has proven itself so successful that independent observers who have seen it in operation have expressed the opinion that, but for it, the first Battle of Britain might have been lost many months ago. But the first battle was not lost, and the system of radiolocation is now being widely extended.

The details concerning the devices which require so many men to service them, are naturally secret. Statements already given to the press may, however, be quoted. In brief, the radiolocator, which is perhaps the most important of recently developed devices, sends out short waves similar to ordinary radio waves, and the reflections of these from objects, such as aeroplanes in their path, are detected, and give not only valuable warnings of possible attack, but also enable an aeroplane to be located through fog and darkness at considerable distances.

The courses at McGill and other universities are preparatory to a final training in the construction, service, repair, and general maintenance of devices involving the use of electromagnetic waves.

The syllabus of the preliminary course consists of an intensive review of the necessary elementary physics, followed by the elements of alternating current circuits, vacuum tube theory and the general principles of radio. This is covered with a minimum of theory and mathematics. Emphasis is laid on experimental and numerical problems on radio circuits, involving the various types of vacuum tubes and hook-ups. The construction, testing, use and elementary theory of vacuum tubes, cathode-ray oscilloscopes, time scales, multivibrators, and the auxiliaries essential to the sending and receiving of electric waves, are treated in considerable detail.

All men are expected to reach the stage where they will, for example, construct a

five-tube superhetrodyne standard receiving set, make it work properly, and be able to test its various tubes and circuits with such apparatus as ammeters, volt-meters, ohmmeters, and oscillographs. In fact, the course covers selected practical parts of a full university course in radio engineering, with those elements of theory which are now necessary for a specialized technician in this field.

The men have been given a heavy schedule of work, but the urgency of the demand makes this necessary, and their progress has been excellent.

The instructors are willingly shouldering a heavy load, and not only has each instructor done over thirty hours per week of instruction, but they have also spent another twenty to thirty hours a week in instructing, assembling and testing much of the hundreds of pieces of apparatus required. In addition to this, many hours have been devoted to the preparation of manuscripts and to the preparatory study necessary for effective teaching when highly technical work is presented to large classes.

The men are looking forward to their future work on the actual battle front with enthusiasm and will long remember their present association with their lecturers and instructors at old McGill.

Observation Post

News and Views of the
R.C.A.F. Detachment

By GORDON BENNETT (AC2).

A couple of weeks ago we read an editorial in the McGill Daily requesting closer co-operation between the Air Force Detachment at McGill and the student body. The editorial contained several ideas on how this might be done. One suggestion: to devote a column or section of the Daily to news of the R.C.A.F. Detachment. The "Boys of the Air Force" on the campus appreciated this invitation to take a greater part in McGill activities. This column is one proof of that appreciation. It is our plan to run a column about the Air Force Detachment, to appear at intervals. How often will it appear? Well, that's a matter for calculation. Here's the situation: the radio locator course is as difficult as any on the University curriculum. (Engineers please take note!) This involves study in the evenings. What's more, there are tests every week. So it resolves into something like this: the harder the tests, the more studying; the more time for studying, the less time for writing Observations; the less time for writing, the shorter the length of the column.

So, to put it into Professor Reilly's language, the length of "Observations" in columns-inches will vary inversely as the degree of difficulty of the tests. Here's hoping the column will flourish... and grow in length as the weeks pass! How's about it, Professor Reilly?

We have it on very good authority (from usually reliable sources) that the Boys of the R.C.A.F. had a grand time at the Junior Prom. In many cases it was the first time the Boys had the opportunity to meet the co-eds. So if any of the fair sex happens to read this column we might let her in on a secret: that the Air Force consider the McGill co-eds as being definitely "pizzazz" which is Air Force double-talk for "swell."

Have you ever stopped to consider how the Air Force brings together representatives of all parts of the States and Canada? We happened to be in a "bull session" the other day—in one of the rooms. Glancing around the circle we happened to note the variety:

Here was "Ed" from Kansas City. Before joining the force he was with the F.B.I. Next, was "Ward"... a draftsman from Collingwood. And sitting next to him was "Smitty"—a steel worker from Pittsburgh. Texas was represented too, and an ex-cowpuncher (who someone or other got the nickname of "Tex"). Then there was "Bill"... who worked in a plywood factory "way out in Vancouver. And another was a former newspaperman from Calgary.

Is there a lesson in that? Well, I'll let you figure it out for yourselves.

Our Lachine (Manning Depot) correspondent informs us there are several fellows out there who are grouching because they missed the Radio draft. Some guys never do know when they're well off!

There are two classes in the Radio course. There are those who are on the second half of the course, and there are the others who are just completing their third week. The first group amuse themselves by saying to the newcomers: "Yes, it's a tough course—but then, you haven't seen anything yet!" This is usually followed by the first representative opening his notebook towards the back, and showing the "freshie" pages of circuits that look like a cross between a chicken fence and a twisted jig-saw puzzle. It might be in order to give a word of encouragement to the floundering freshie: we have it on good authority (again, from usually reliable sources) that a new class may be coming in after the first group graduates. At that time, the present group will be able to look condescendingly at the incoming rookie, and say: "Yes, it's a tough course—but then, you haven't seen anything yet!"

Remember the good old days when the only place you ever heard about a "battle of tanks" was in a tavern?

A few of the Boys were at a party the other night. It was one of those super boarding houses where they have a living room designed for dancing... about 30 by 40 feet. The formalities of introductions were dispensed with in short order—all the boys were introduced

as just "George," and the girls were all presented as "Susie." It was a wonderful evening, enjoyed by all the gals of the boarding house and the representatives of the McGill Detachment. However, on looking at our little black address book on the following day, we noticed this remarkable page:

Susie: WI 6130
Susie: WI 6130
Susie: WI 6130
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Susie: WI 6130
Susie: WI 6130

Prof. Reilly (in Physics class): "Mr. Sexton, can you name the unit of power?"
Sexton: "The what?"
Prof.: That's right. Now can you name a conductor of electricity?"
Sexton: "Why er—"
Prof.: "Very good. Any questions?"

As we remarked at the beginning of this column, we intend to run this feature at intervals in the "Daily." It is hoped that it will become a sort of notice board for all the McGill Detachment—containing (for example) notices of coming events, announcements, results of basketball games, comments, letters; in brief everything and anything which might be of interest to the McGill Detachment.

It will be impossible for your reporter to get all the information about coming events, past events, etc. So if you want to make sure that your announcements get in the "Daily," we suggest you get in touch with AC2 Bennett. You'll find him (moons and evenings) studying in Room 315.

There has been a lot of talk and a lot of writing recently about the Fifth Column activities and sabotage. But there is one quite serious form of sabotage right here in Montreal that has not broken into the news as yet. We are referring to the persistent and continual attempts of the people of Montreal to make sure that all the Radio Mechanics at McGill flunk the course. Here's the way the sabotage works: a new class of recruits comes into McGill to take a difficult course for four or five months. And what happens? Every day they are confronted by a notice board containing a list of very attractive events. These include dances, socials, dinner parties, shows, all manner of good times. The most diligent and most conscientious of the class will resist the temptation for a few days—but then the combined effort of the saboteurs overcomes him. The social propaganda has done its deadly work. He had come to the course with his mind made up to get right down to work—to study at least five nights a week. But now—it's a continuous round of activities. He's really getting a kick out of this social whirl—but the Bar Exam and the Final loom ahead.

And still the list grows: a dance, a social, a new show, dinner invitations....
It's sabotage, Montreal, but we love it!

We have been following for several weeks a very heated discussion that has been appearing in the McGill Daily. The discussion is carried on vocally, too, by many of the students: the theme, stated simply, is, "Which comes first, Montreal or Toronto?"

This controversy has grown to such serious proportions that the time has come for someone to clear up the matter—and pass judgment so that the Torontonians and the Montrealers can live in peace and harmony—even in the same barrack-room.

Well, gentlemen, we have the temerity to suggest that maybe we have the answer to this most serious question. It is this:

We were born in Calgary, and we think that Calgary is one hell of a swell place.

See you at the R.V.C. Dance!

Film Reviews

The Barrack's Basement Bijou opened its doors a few weeks back, and for its premier presentation featured the great melodrama "Hell's Angels." Presumably this picture features aeroplanes in combat, but in point of interest come-on-bats stole the show. Jean Harlow makes her film debut, a great success in this reel, and were we engineers we would publish some of the asides heard frequently by your equally bothered reporter.

Things are pretty informal at the Bijou, the patrons recline on the floor in varying positions to suit their moods and caloues. What with tobacco smoke profusely permeating the ozone, pigeons audibly expressing their reactions, a Harlow bussing with her puss wide, eyes slinky and kimona so so, de joint seemed like a burleyque.

The film has many exciting moments, no matter how you get your thrills. Miss Harlow wears a wig that is positively enchantin'. It is this reporter's guess (mind it is only a guess) that women will be copying that style and colour. May we add that we hope they also copy the technique, because it avoids the subtle, thus eliminating a lot of guess work. After viewing this picture we went to bed to dream and sighed for the return of an era which had possibilities before the Hay's office got ornery.

Two rookie pilots were doing their first cross country flight. "Everything O'kay" said number one with a note of concern in his voice. "Certainly," said No. two. "Why?"

Oh nothing, except that I see land overhead.

Queers Around Here.

Those who ask for the second helping of the supper horrors d'oeuvre.

Airmen who go to the library to study. Those who think they are being cut-ups when they imitate the orderly sergeant at light's out.

Any one who notices the colour of a co-eds sweater.

"Lights Out" shouted the orderly sergeant. "Shutrainly sir," replied the tanked AC2. "It will just take one more Cuba Libre."

Book Review

"Electrical and Radio Notes" by A. R. Ministry. (All profits from the sale of this book will go towards purchasing cigarettes for the Boys in Blue.)

Before proceeding with a review of this latest release, here are a few comments about it by various leading figures:

Professor A... vividly portrayed.

Professor B... it comprises in a few short pages the romantic, the practical, the daring.

Professor C... Amazing, colossal, stupendous.

Professor D... Lucid—in fact transparent.

Professor E... A Revelation... reveals the true facts of life.

Professor Z... It has furnished me with the happiest 20 years of my life. I hope some day to finish it before I am called to the great beyond. My great grandson is anxiously awaiting its sequel.

AC2 Gluck... "Geeze. Ain't it the nuts. Why wasn't I told about it sooner?"

The fore-going speaks for itself. Now let us consider the subject matter which excited such demonstrative praise.

How can a book which begins with such an awe-inspiring sentence as the following, fail to be a four star success. I quote: "It has long been an accepted scientific theory that all forms of matter are built up of molecules, a molecule being the smallest portion of any piece of matter."—"Revealing" isn't the word for it. As we idly flick by the all-too-short pages of this modern masterpiece, our attention is focussed upon a brilliant little tid-bit which goes as follows: "Everybody is familiar with the effects of friction; sliding down a rope may burn their hands; friction is always accompanied by heat."

If that isn't the most amazing thing you have ever heard, then I'll eat my hat (winter issue). Each page reveals more and more. The main characters are Joe Transformer, Billy Condenser, Sam Volt, Sally Sweep, Mho Oersted, Ossie Lator, Ida Wanne Resistor, and such vividly portrayed characters as "Leak" Resistance, "Freak" Cwency, and "Rezzle" Nonce.

This book has scraps of wisdom for all. For the actor, it tells that the stage gain is MuR-R-Rp; for the locomotive Engineer, this book tells all about shunting; for the Conservatives, Reaction is discussed in full; for the non-belligerent, (if any are left) neutralization receives a great deal of space. The prejudiced football fan should be greatly interested in the lengthy exhortations on grid bias which are included herein. All those who have any undesirable enemies and who may wish to remove same should carefully read over all that is written about choking and choke control. Finally, for those who appreciate the finer things of life, characteristic curves are drawn in great detail.

In the first few refreshing chapters the two main love interests, Ida Wanne Resistor and Billy Condenser, don't have anything to do with each other. However, as the plot unfolds, they finally get coupled. As all married life is not bliss, so too do these two young rascals have their spats. One moment he acceptor, the next he rejector (pardon the grammar). However,



"This Love
of Mine..."

My button-back dirndl—
goes on and on—from
luncheon with the crowd
to dining and dancing in
the young haunts.

12.95

Night black rayon crepe with
bands of scarlet and sky blue.
Sizes 11 to 17.

STORE OPEN UNTIL 10 P.M.

HOLT RENFREW

Sherbrooke at Mountain

the next time we see them together all seems well as the author wisely points out that Billy Condenser has a variable temperament.

The book draws to a peaceful close with various Mus from contented cows lying around in a stray Capacity. Two new intruders, Deacy and Acey, stick their noses in and Acey seems to get the better of the former with Deacy being blocked out at all times by our good friend Billy Condenser.

Apart from the personal touch this book is literally "jammed" with vividly painted word pictures. I quote only one or two: "The torque acting on a coil is proportional to the flux density in which it moves." "The most convenient way of distorting the modulated wave form is to use a rectifier, followed by suitable arrangements of resistances, chokes and condensers, which pick out the wanted signal from the products of rectification."

Fascinating, eh? I must not say any more about this orange-colored little bundle of joy. It will spoil the fun which lies in store for you as you idly thumb through the pages (thumb fun). Said book may be purchased from any radio mech for the price of a good steak. (Remember them things men?)

The next time you suffer from insomnia, my dear little reader, turn to almost any page of this little gem and you will no doubt be cured before the nearest Sergeant has time to yell "Lights Out."

"A word about the author. Intensive research revealed that this work was produced by an ingenious scientist whose mind went completely blank upon completion of this noteworthy contribution to scientific literature. He could not remember even his name. He now spends his time having tea, and chatting and chatting with Napoleon, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Hitler, and other notables of the past.

It seems that one of the duties of an air-raider warden is to look after expectant mothers. This one had lost two in previous air-raids and was consequently getting conscious. As the Luftwaffe approached his shelter filled up, and the warden shouted from the top of the stairs. "Any expectant mothers down there?"

To which a cockney voice replied "Blimey Guvnor give us a chance, we've only been down here fifteen minutes."

Heard outside the Hall the other night: "Thanks for the squeeze." "Oh, that's all right, the pressure is all mine."

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Mr. Joseph E. Davies

and

Miss Luise Rainer

will speak to

McGill Students

in

Moyse Hall

THURSDAY, DEC. 18th, 5.00 P.M.

This is an open meeting of the McGill Students War

Council to which all students are invited.

Airmen Anxious to Clash with Coeds

Hockey Season's Highlight To Be Held in New Year

Special Rules To Feature

It seems that a hockey tussle between the co-eds and airmen is brewing. So far, all we have heard about this publicly has been from the distaff angle. However, the Radio Mechs are really enthusiastic about the idea judging from mumblyings heard around the barracks. The boys have a variety of reasons why they favour such a contest, one being because they like the game of hockey for hockey's sake. The coaches are working out a number of deception plays, intended to steer the puck carrying co-eds into a corner.

'Tis not known just what style of hockey to expect from wimmin, but the grape-vine has it, they are requesting that the referees call no penalties for holding. The boys will really be disappointed if this is just a rumour. It looks as though the little boy blues will have a glorious opportunity to by-pass the date bureau.

There will no doubt be a strong team lining up for the airmen. There is known to be plenty of hockey wizardry floating around. Doc Cyclops with his telescopic vision can put a shot from almost any angle, and, if he concentrates on the corner of the nets, should account for plenty of goals. Many players have been used to rough and tough hockey from the west, and girls, they may forget they aren't back in the old league. Special coaching is being given on cornering technique, we mean with the purpose of breaking up co-ed rushes... or do we mean that. Equipment is rather scarce among the boys so they will be known as the "Ragged Six."

R.C.A.F. Cagers Open Schedule

Six Flights Swing Into Action

The newly formed Basketball League of the R.C.A.F. swung into action last Wednesday at the Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium with six teams participating. The league consists of three teams from No. 1 and 2 squadrons respectively. No. 2 squadron won two out of the three games played. E flight triumphed over B flight 28-20, D flight won over C flight 24-14 and A flight swamped F flight 34-14.

The game between E and B flights was the most closely contested with E flight finally tucking the issue away after a see-saw battle. Naves, a polished ball handler from E flight was the leading point maker of the game with Roy and Wilson brilliant defensively.

Line-ups: B Flight—Smart, Richardson, Piper, McGill, Humes. E Flight—Roy, Naves, Wright, Wildgoose, Wilson, Forster.

Score 28-20.

The second game provided the small gathering of spectators with some good basketball. D flight emerged victorious over C flight and uncovered an outstanding performer in the person of Brennan who scored 12 out of the 14 points garnered by his team. Although losing by 10 points in their first game the boys from C flight are confident that they will make it interesting for the other clubs, once they hit their stride.

Line-ups: D Flight—Brennan, Farmer, Farha, Leadbetter, Donahue, Hodgson, Ives, Mills.

C Flight—Smith, Daigle, Horner, Hopps, Anderson.

Score—24-14.

A flight showed the power that was expected of them by swamping F flight 34-14. This game featured the razzle dazzle attack of Avery, Katzman and Estabrook. This trio amassed a total of 20 points and showed skill in getting in position. A flight also boast an ace in the hole in the person of Busher Jackson, a nimble footed star from Victoria. Jackson was unable to play.

(Continued on Page Four)

God House Gossip

Barnstorming Barney

A VALEDICTORY

We hear that the McGill airmen are to lose their most prominent N.C.O., a man whose lilting voice is almost as familiar to the civilians on the Campus as it is to the "Boys in Blue." Shy, retiring Sergeant Dyce is leaving us for active service overseas, and already we know that his place can never be refilled.

A sad vista is opening in front of us, and a dreary picture of the future is being unfolded! No longer will we see his imposing figure in front of our parades, jovially calling everyone "Joe," turning a blind eye to the latecomers. No more will we be able to go to him with all our little troubles, or obtain his prompt assistance when we find ourselves "on the peg." No more will we hear his kindly voice in the hush of the early morning, before we eat the breakfast for which he has provided the main course. Never again will we see his familiar features in the Music Box. My words cannot hope to describe the emptiness of our approaching bereavement quite as well as those of one humble airman who was heard to say: "SO THE BEGGAR IS FINALLY LEAVING!"

Will the unidentified airman who extinguished an imaginary fire on the third floor of the barracks call in at the orderly room for his firefighter's insignia.

Remember the chap attending morning tutorial in the Medical Building who was heard to remark: "Sassy... We're having beef again for dinner."

It has come to our attention that a game involving the use of ivory is being played. As ivory is on the wartime priorities list, this pastime is frowned upon in official circles. Besides, to promote good morals in the contingent it is essential that no one have anything to do with Dice!

What sergeant was mistaken for an Xmas tree by an intoxicated soldier?

When grandma went to church or town

She wore, beneath her "Chanel," A soft and comfortable gown Of weather-proofing flannel.

Its limb-length shape and ruddy hue were familiar on the line, And grandma's legs weren't turning blue.

If the weather wasn't fine, We thought those days had passed us by!

Now, flannel never meets the eye. Imagine how surprised we were— To find "Red Shorts" in R.V.C.

We have heard various parties plaintively enquiring why girls wear rubber boots. Could it be because they have thick ankles?

Miss Florence (Cooba) Sharp, whose choice as Campus Queen constitutes one of the few commendable actions of the Plumbers, is complaining bitterly about the way the Engineers misquoted her in their issue of the Daily. It seems that Cooba was wrong about the Engineers and that under the gill they don't glitter quite so much. She really does like the airmen best: no... not just one, all of them, and she wishes there were more opportunities for her to get to know them! There you are, boys. Get out of the road!

Is it an advantage to have the morning bugle replaced by a Siren? Remember Ulysses!

While it is not the policy of this column to deal with any but the more important world crises, we have uncovered a tale which has persuaded us to relax our general rule!

It concerns a couple of girls who made blind dates with some airmen, for the McGill Prom. It seems that the airmen were financially embarrassed (as usual), so it was decided that the party should be a Dutch Treat. So far so good!

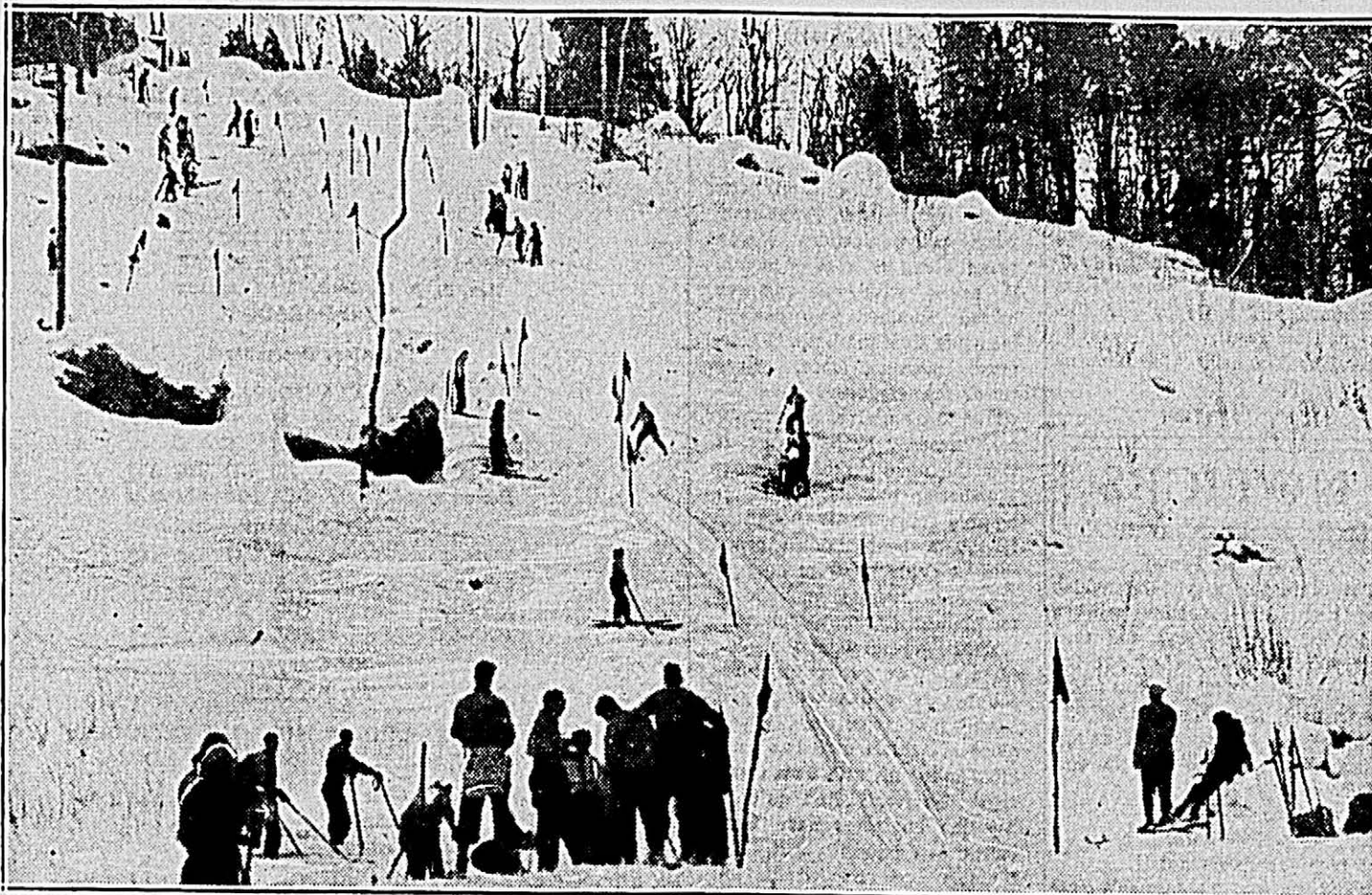
After the affair, the boys sent the girls a bill for \$9.00, the total expenses of the evening. The girls talked it over and sent the airmen \$4.50, which they considered sufficient to pay their share. This was replied to by a courteous but brief note wherein the airmen acknowledged the \$4.50, but reminded the girls that they still had a like amount to pay.

Wonder why we find the coeds a trifle shy of the boys in blue?

What will be the result of the manner in which certain gentlemen are handling the lab "experiments"? Will we have a death ray?

(Continued on Page Four)

An Hour's Train Ride from McGill



After Duty Saturday means somewhere around 1 p.m.—which gives anybody interested half an hour to make the Ski Train up north to the Laurentians. A train brings you back at about 8.30 Sunday night, but in the meantime there's one of the best days

skiing to be had anywhere on the continent. All you need is your train fare, a pair of slippery slats, and an idea of where you're going to stay Saturday night.

Ball Pennant Won by R.C.A.F.

No. 1 Squadron Show Power

The softball team, which won the intramural championship, can all be termed sultans of the swat. When playing outdoors on the upper diamond they would all have been fence-busters had there been any fences. When they moved indoors the boys still were able to wallop that ball to uncovered spots on the gym floor, and as a result they regularly amassed plenty of runs—something like fifteen in two innings. There the game usually stopped. How they won and the scores amassed is a matter of history, but we here present thumbnail sketches of the members of the team, who represent a good cross-section of the McGill detachment.

Bill Anderson—1st base... From Halliburton, Ont. ... went to school in Lindsay and North Bay... took a B.A. extramurally from Queens while teaching in North Bay.

Harry Avery—C.F. ... home town—Ottawa... matric'd from Lisgar Collegiate... moved on to O.A.C. Guelph and grabbed a B.S.A. ... while there played Senior Basketball.

Harrison Bedford—Pitcher... the luck of the draft moved him back to his home town... A grad of Montreal High School... before enlisting worked for Kraft Cheese, but he doesn't croon.

Ernest Estabrook—L.F. ... From Toronto, but isn't taking part in the present controversy... Educated at the High School in Fredericton, N.B. and Harbord, Collegiate Toronto... Likes co-eds and they all love him.

Art Fargher—3rd Base... Born in Lily Bay, Man. and looks it... Now claims Winnipeg as his home town... Studied the books at Glenlawn Collegiate and Wesley College in the prairie metropolis... Of late years has been gold-digging in Timmins and Kirkland Lake.

George Grande—R.F. ... Montreal... Really been educated... Has strolled the halls of Strathcona Academy, dear old McGill and Osgoode Hall... Played middle wing for McGill Intermediates in 1939.

Ted Howard—S.S., Toronto... went to Central Tech... has since been somewhat of a globe-trotter, making several contacts in the

(Continued on Page Four)

Laurentides Present Ski Paradise for Airforcemen

R.C.A.F.-R.V.C. Trip Suggested—Early Snow Promising

The boys of the McGill Detachment are fortunate indeed. Fortunately, first of all, of course, because they belong to the McGill Detachment and all that this entails. Excellent instructors, Dr. Keys, Professor Reilly and Dr. Watson deserving special mention, the Music Box, Royal Victoria College and even Sergeant Dyce to boot. Our cup is full to the brim. We drink of its goodness and try (Alas, in vain) to avoid its dregs.

But the best is yet to come. The really top feature of McGill (barling R.V.C.) is its proximity to Laurentian ski country, the Winter Playground of Eastern America. Boys, if you own a pair of skis, bring them with you when you come back from Christmas leave. If you do not own a pair, for goodness sake, make a desperate effort and pull Santa's woolly eyebrows down over his eyes far enough to make him believe you deserve skis for Christmas. Whatever you do, don't miss a snow-train journey to French-Canadian hill country. Make that journey soon, for if you don't, you will be kicking yourself for each day you wasted.

The free and easy, happy and carefree atmosphere, which is invariably connected with a ski party, begin in the tap room of the hotel nearest the station. The metallic clump of heavy iron-shod boots, the rattle of steel harness, the colourful array of clothing, all make sweet music to the skier's ear. Everybody happy? You bet.

Then, to the train. The cars are a mess. Skis, poles, haversacks, etc., strewn everywhere. Some of the more ardent, and this includes girls, spend their time putting a coat of running wax on their skis. And so, of course, there is the usual

Wax controversy. One could easily spend the whole time discussing waxes and still be at it while dragging the skis off at St. Sauveur. Then too, there is the technique debate. While wandering through the train you are sure to spoil many a sideslip, parallel Christania or Tempo turn executed in perfect form in the center of the aisle. But, before long, "Next stop, Saint Soverri; Sanh Savurr, sullivan!", is heard. Magic words.

The station platform is packed until the train pulls out. Then the crowd disperses, some on foot carrying their trappings, others, disdaining to walk, buckle on their skis, while still others climb into waiting sleighs and bundle up in thick fur robes. They go to a number of different hotels, boarding houses, pensions etc, but each and every place has the same attractive atmosphere of "Quebec in ski-time".

Well now, I could go on and on, telling you of the wonderful hills, the powder snow, the clear cold refreshing air, the bright sun, the meals, the fireplace and easy chair, the beer at the Pub, the sing songs, everything that goes to make up a ski weekend. But whatever I say would not do justice to the actual experience.

So fellows, take advantage of your opportunity and make the

My mother told me not to smoke—I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke.

I don't.

She made it clear I mustn't wink At pretty girls or even think About intoxicating drink.

I don't.

To flirt or dance is very wrong Wild youths chase women, wine and song.

I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one, I do not know how it is done. You wouldn't think I had much fun, I don't.

THE SQUIRES FROLIC . . .

- Victoria Hall
- New Year's Eve
- Stardusters Orchestra
- Candlelight Supper
- \$6.50 per couple

WE think these bare facts are enough to convince you that the FROLIC is your best bet for New Year's Eve fun. If you're not convinced, give us a call and we'll supply more details.

WA. 1779

The Squires

Allan McGill
Neil Compton
Gordon Mackey

The pause that refreshes

DRINK **Coca-Cola** ICE COLD

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What we need is a little Foresight — says Private Thrift

It's smart to be thrifty. It's patriotic too. One practical way to help win this war is to watch your spending, to save all you can. Invest the money you save in War Savings Certificates. Buy one every month. You'll be surprised how quickly you can accumulate a useful reserve of fighting dollars by following such a plan and how much money you can save for your own future use when peace returns again.

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Peel and Sherbrooke Streets; Sherbrooke and Bleury Streets; St. Catherine and McGill College Ave.

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16 Cathode Ray Oscilloscopes.
25 H.R. Ammeters.
200 L.R. Ammeters.
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2356 Resistors.
1,000,000,000 Fuses.
(Three airmen are mentally deranged.)

The Berkeley

A good place to meet

The right place to eat.

Luncheon - - from .50
Dinner - - - from .75
'and aperitifs too'

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It stands right at the top! And it's Silent! Here's the finest Corona portable, with Floating Shift, Piano-Key Action, interchangeable Platen, and many other valuable typing helps.

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Varied Verse

To a Sergeant

In tones of caustic acidity,
He woos us one and all,
This true he uses undue strain,
To bend us to his call.

The favourite pastime of this wit,
Is to line us up in threes,
And then with beetled eyebrows
knit,
Explain the movement "stand at ease."

The muscles 'twixt his brawny ears,
Stood out all thick and bumpy,
One look allays our utmost fears,
We realize—he's "punchy."

His P.T. knowledge proved minute,
As was witnessed in the gym,
The result to all were aches acute,
All praised and thanks to him.

One day perusing Webster's best,
The seeds of thought were sown,
"Reveille" now means no more rest,
Since its meaning became known.

The moral to this ode you know,
And you'll find it to hold true,
Ere you learn to be an N.C.O.,
Learn to be an A.C. 2.

GodHouse Gossip

(Continued from Page Three)

or a casualty list? NEVER BEFORE
WAS SO LITTLE KNOWN BY SO
MANY ABOUT SO MUCH!!

At this point we are so terrified
by the self-vaunted prowess of the
Engineers that, in closing, we
hardly dare enquire when the
plumbers were last invited to R.V.C.

Ball Pennant Won by R.C.A.F.

(Continued from Page Three)

South Sea Islands, but reports no
Dorothy Lamours or clean sarongs.
Stan Jackson—2nd Base... Born
in some little town near Regina...
all he knows about it is what they
tell him and his memory is bad...
when Pa Jackson saw a tree chasing
a dog he decided to move to a
more humid climate, so picked on
Victoria, B.C.... Our hero went
to Victoria High and later worked
for the provincial police... Was
a member of the Victoria Dominions
Dominion Basketball champs a few
years back... is now high scorer
for Johnny Ferraro's Oilers.

Len Katzman—Catcher... from
the border town of Windsor...
went to Kennedy C.I.... there
played basketball with such football
satellites as Joe Krol, Tony Golab
and Al Leonard... before enlisting
was listed in Windsor's "Who's
Who" as a retail merchant... In-
sists he has been married three
times, but that's his story....

R.C.A.F. Cagers Open Schedule

(Continued from Page Three)

Wednesday due to a minor injury
but expects to be ready for the
game today against E Flight.

Lineups:
A Flight: Hood, Fenton, Esta-
brook, Avery, Katzman, Fargher.
F Flight: Seagle, Pierce, Sexton,
Harvison, Ross.

Today's games: A Flight vs. E;
F Flight vs. D; B Flight vs. C.

A cordial invitation is extended to
all basketball fans (especially co-
eds) to attend these games as they
should provide some fast ball be-
fore the season is over. Games get
under way at 4.00 o'clock.

Barrack Bilge

(Continued from Page One.)

with three of these and we got our
last today. So if this stuff is slow
reading it's because we're taking
a little longer than usual to type
it. Not only because the ol' arm
doesn't work as per usual but also
because we've got to keep up a
ceaseless vigil to see that no one
gets within nudging distance.

The meals at the barracks leave
very little to be desired. There is
a minimum of hash and we have
at last gotten away from After the
Blackout soup—that is, the "All
Clear" variety.

Boys in Blue Bolt Barracks to Banter With Bashful Beauts

(Continued from Page One)

with or without their tools. But the
Airmen! To be shy at the pros-
pect of their coming must surely
be the reaction resulting from mod-
esty's curb on overanxiety. N'est-ce
pas?

Representative Tries to Solve Canteen Mystery

(Continued from Page One.)

great shout arose from all the mob,
"Where is it going?"

Perhaps the only evident benefits
are the breakfast cereals and cat-
sup, but as one delves more deeply
into this fascinating subject, one
finds a dash of vinegar here, a
suspicion of flavouring there, extra
gallons of milk, and so on, far into
the night. And so the dough goes.
It is impossible to improve the
coffee or to have milk at meals
without going to great expense. All
of us can have toast if some of you
"early birds" will start making it
about 6.00 a.m. for we only have
two toasters, one of which is due
for a pension.

BIGGER AND BETTER BARS
There is room for improvement in
the canteen itself but this is be-
ing cleared up gradually. Better as-
sortments of bars etc., are being ar-
ranged and new lines such as crests,
polish, running shoes, and so on,
will be introduced. There is also
room for more shelves so that goods
may be better displayed. Your rep-
resentatives would welcome sugges-
tions and complaints, and ask your
hearty cooperation. Let us all pull
together for meals like Mother used
to cook and a canteen that will be
a credit to our station.

Women's Ed. Polls Coeds

(Continued from Page One.)

snow in the heat of the annual Arts-
Engineering battle that was raging.
"They are too d— much competi-
tion."

All of which reminds us of the
prof who, when discussing the Air-
craftmen, had the right idea but the
wrong colour, remarking, "I wonder
how many of your girls will be
wacky about khaki this year?"

Reilly Sends Best Wishes

(Continued from Page One.)

our great Dominion. My greetings
I give you; my best wishes go with
you for happiness and success in all
your undertakings. God speed you
on your way."

Louise Rainer to Visit McGill

(Continued from Page One.)

Though it is not definitely known
what Miss Rainer's part in the pro-
gram is to be, her prominence as
an actress augurs that it will be of
historic interest. It seems likely that
she will read or recite something
concerning the present state of
world affairs.

This meeting will mark the be-
ginning of an intense War Council
drive on behalf of Red Cross Medi-
cal Aid for our Russian Allies.

Of interest to all in these days
of Russian heroism will be Mr. Davies'
forthcoming book "Mission to Mos-
cow." Mr. Davies was the American
envoy to Moscow from 1936 to 1938,
shortly before Munich. After Rus-
sia Mr. Davies was appointed to
Belgium where he served until 1940.
Since returning to the U.S.A. Mr.
Davies has been serving as a spe-
cial assistant to the Secretary of
State in charge of emergency prob-
lems and policies.

Both Mr. Davies and Miss Rainer,
together with Thomas L. Thomas,
noted Welsh baritone, are taking
part in an evening benefit perform-
ance at the Forum under the pa-
tronage of the Committee for Medi-
cal Aid to Russia.

Campus Opinion Sought Regarding Men in Blue

(Continued from Page One)

any, but thought that they look-
ed just as nice as the civilians.
SIC TRANSIT!! We heard that
there is a library airman known
as "Mesmer" to the girls on ac-
count of his "Boudoir Stare."
(The term is her's, not our's.)
Another girl told us that if the
reporter is any sample, airmen
are the BUNK! We couldn't dis-
cover what has soured her on the
R.C.A.F.

Perhaps the most flattering
comment on us was given by the
man in the Engineering
building who sees us most. He
stated that the present crop of
lads are not only a fine bunch,
physically, mentally, and morally,
but also that they are a
considerable improvement over
the last batch.

Dr. Watson, custodian of No. 1
squadron's lectures, gave the
final word. He said: "The air-
force?—I wish there were more
... who would show a thirst for
knowledge after lectures."

Opening of Airmen's Date Bureau Delayed

(Continued from Page One.)

well-known universities on this
continent.

Pertinent statistics on the subject
show that in a number of instances
blind dates incurred through the
medium of date bureaux have re-
sulted in lasting friendships to the
extent that the parties concerned
were married.

The R.C.A.F. bureau was not
planned with a view to increasing

the number of marriages per capita
in Montreal, but rather its potential
founders hoped that this organiza-
tion would serve to amalgamate the
students of McGill and the Radio
mechanics socially.

Further efforts are being made to
incubate this plan from its embry-
onic stages, and the results of the
campaign will be printed in a future
edition of this paper.

McGill R.M.'s to Get Leave

(Continued from Page One.)

them, and to all members of Mc-
Gill University; Faculty, Student
body and Staff, may we proffer our
grateful thanks, and our most sin-
cere wishes for a very Merry
Christmas, and a Happy and Vic-
torious New Year!

As Tiny Tim said: "God bless us,
every one!"

NOTICES

Lost and Found

The valuable greyhound which
was last seen cavorting with a
bunch of Airforce boys and then
disappeared over the week-end has
been returned slightly the worse
for wear. It is rumoured that Sgt.
Campbell will fingerprint the animal
in an effort to apprehend the cul-
prits.

Mary had a little horse
But now she hasn't got it.
It wandered into the Airmen's mess
And the cook by gosh he shot it.

Notice

Anyone wishing to travel to New
York City by auto on December 24,
please phone York 3927.

Commerce Debating

Will all those interested in Com-
merce Debating who have not
signed the list on the Commerce
board do so immediately. In regard
to the following debate you will be
notified personally as to the date
and subject. Winners of this debate
will be awarded Debating A.

Corps Cadets

There have been a few small
changes in the order of the drill for
Inspection Parade tonight. These
are posted in detail on the Orderly
room notice board, and should be
read by all Cadets. Full instruc-
tions will also be given before the
parade. Caps will be issued be-
tween 1100 and 1200 hours in the
Orderly Room.

JOYCE M. TYRRELL,
Commandant.

"Why were you late?"—try this

1. Took street car in wrong direc-
tion.
2. Girl friend very sick.
3. Was lost in part of city where
no one spoke English.
4. Had no watch.
5. Car got stuck in snow.
6. Met an old friend.
7. At a birthday party—couldn't
get away.
8. Met a red hot blonde.
9. Was out buying Christmas pres-
ents for the N.C.O.'s.
10. Oh well, I wanted to be C.B.
anyway, gives me a chance to study.

Sung To The Tune

"I'm a Lone Cowhand"

I'm a radio man
And I don't give a damn
I finished my course
Now they made me a ham
I've been trying this course
Again and again
From the "U" to the pool
And back again
Now I'm through I hope
Till we start again
Yippee E I cos. Pl.

In the class we learn
What is meant by Mu
I'd rather play
With an aeroplane screw
With a triode we learn
How to amplify
If you don't get this
You'll never get by
So when you write an exam
You cheat on the sly
Yippee Rho G equals Mu.

They teach us how
To measure wave-length
After so many tries
I've lost my strength
I don't give a hang
If a tube goes bang
I don't give a damn
If I never learn
That electrode capacity
Causes great harm
Yippee with a little 2 Pl.

To remedy this
Every class we miss
To the sergeants all
We turn to his-
The professors talk
And we don't hear at all
Because our eyes are shut
With our heads against the wall
So you can see
We don't care at all
Yippee pentode goodbye.

The Fable Of the Forty Beers

It has been repeatedly stated
that the engineer's sole claim to
fame is their ability to demolish
forty beers. At last the full
story behind this claim may be
revealed.

The whole thing dates back
to the middle ages, to the time
when communications were
passed along by word of mouth.
It began with an engineer
named Plumber, who derived
his name from the Latin "Plum-
bum" meaning lead. Ever
since, the engineers have re-
ferred to themselves as "Plumb-
ers," meaning lead-swingers. It
was the ambition of this man
Plumber to build a set of col-
lapsible stairs, small enough to
fit into a beer-case, in order
that he could go from door to
door each evening and choose
for himself a Campus Queen.

Thus it came about that, one
night when he was rousing him-
self out of a drunken stupor,
having just dreamt that he was
alone in a room with two arts-
men, he sat up with a start and
cried "quarter." And to this
day the engineers have been
known as a two-bit outfit. But
Plumber had received his in-
spiration. He would build his
staircase from beer bottles—
forty of them.

So he put on his best suit of
boiler-plate armour, and sallied
forth to the Music Box. Having
managed to stagger to an unoc-
cupied table, he proclaimed in a
loud voice, "Forty Beers."
Little did he know that a
"Daily" reporter lay stretched
out under the table. Not wait-
ing to hear any more, the re-
porter, rushed out, leaving
Plumber to his fate.

The morning issue of the
"Daily" carried the following
caption: RETURN OF PROSP-
ERITY — ENGINEER BUYS
FORTY BEERS. As for poor
Plumber, he succumbed, after
the second glass, trying to
mount an imaginary set of col-
lapsible stairs. But his deed
had been immortalized, and
from that time on, the plumbers
have been known as forty-beer
men.

WHAT EVERY R.M. SHOULD KNOW

Induction—Act of meeting people.
Ion—Instrument used to press
pants.
Graph—Rake-off.
Ohm—No place like it.
Dyne—One-tenth of a dollar.
Detector—One who works on
police force.
Circuit—Travelling show.
Tuned Circuit—Travelling show
with band.
Atom—Eve's husband.
Conductance—One who collects
fare on street-cars.
Grid—Type of smile.
Area—Part of an opera.
Screen—A loud yell.
Resonance—A place to live.
Coil—Method of doing hair.
Gauss—Feminine for gender.
Phase—Shaved daily at 0700 hrs.
Theta—Movie house.
Hysteresis—Nervous action caused
by overwork.
Erg—Sudden desire to do some-
thing.
Variable mu — Temperamental
cow.
Capacity—Three quarts daily (av-
erage airman).

It happened at the last R.V.C.
dance. An airman and a co-ed had
found a nice little secluded corner
and were making the most of it.
Abruptly she suggested that they
return to the dance.

"Whazza big idea," sez the frus-
trated pigeon. "Haven't you got a
heart?"

"Certainly," she replied, "but
you've spent enough time trying to
find it."

A Joe was being paraded before
the C.O. for alleged insubordina-

CAUGHT SHORT

It is now 12.30—a half hour
after "Go to Press" time and the
Air Force Gentlemen of the Press
are still rushing madly around the
Daily offices—with no end in sight.
12 p.m. was our dead-line to
get back to the barracks. Ipso
facto, we expect our
Confined to Barracks period to
end just about in time to
get home for Christmas. If we
have accomplished anything,
it is that we have learned to
appreciate the work that goes
on behind an issue of the
Daily. We will use our C.B.
period to recuperate from this
hectic experience.

McGill Reserve Training Battalion

SIR ARTHUR CURRIE MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM-ARMOURY

TIME TABLE

First and Second Years of Training

Wednesday, December 17

"A" Company
Platoon 1 2 3 4
Syllabus B C C A
Period 1 R5 AT1 P1 D14
Period 2 RR1 P1 L9 PT5

"F" Company
Platoon 28 27 28
Syllabus A A A
Period 1 FT2 FT2 FT2
Period 2 FA8 FA8 FA8
Nos. 28, 30 Platoons, "F" Company
NO PARADE

Thursday, December 18

"C" Company
Platoon 11 12 13 14 15
Syllabus B C C C A
Period 1 R6 L11 RR2 AT1 L2
Period 2 RR2 PT5 L11 MR5 AT1

"D" Company
Platoon 16 17 18 19
Syllabus A A A A
Period 1 RR2 L1 AT1 L1
Period 2 FA8 FA8 FA8 FA8

"G" Company
NO PARADE

LAST PARADE IN 1941...18th DECEMBER
FIRST PARADE IN 1942...5th JANUARY

Times of Parades	Subjects and Code
"A" Coy.—Less Pl. 5; Mon., Wed., Fri. 1400-1600 hrs	D—Drill
No. 5 Pl. "A" Coy.—Mon. 1400-1700 hrs	FA—First Aid
Tues. 1900-2200 hrs	M—Marching
"C" Coy.—Tues., Thurs., Sat. 0900-1055 hrs	R—Rifle
"D" Coy.—Tues., Thurs., Sat. 1110-1300 hrs	P—Pistol
"E" Coy.—Tues., Sat. 1400-1700 hrs	B—Bayonet
"F" Coy.—Less Pls. 29, 30 1110-1300 hrs	F—Fieldcraft
Nos. 29 and 30 Pls. "F" Coy. 1000-1300 hrs	REC—Reception
Thurs. 1900-1700 hrs	PT—Physical Training
3rd and 4th Yr. Dent. Sec. "F" Coy.—Wed. 1000-1300 hrs	ATR—Anti Tank Rifle
"E" Coy.—Sat. 1400-1700 hrs	RR—Rifle Range
	AA—Anti Aircraft
	L—Light Machine Gun
	G—Protection Against Gas
	MR—Map Reading
	FT—Fundamental Training
	H. S. L. BROWN, Major, O. I/c M.T.B.

tion. The corporal stated the charge
and the Officer laconically decreed
"five days C.B."

"Wait a minute" said Joe, "I have
something to say about..."

"Six days C.B." muttered the C.O.

"But listen" said Joe starting to
run a fever "I didn't do all that..."

"Seven days C.B." yawned the
C.O.

At which the Joe turned to the
Corporal and said "Get me out of
here I didn't know this guy was an
auctioneer."

"One inside, one on top," shouted
the bus conductor.

"You wouldn't separate a mother
and her daughter, would you?"
asked a very determined lady, about
to get on.

"Not likely, missus," said the con-
ductor. "I did once, but never
again," and he hastily rang the bell.

—Queen's Journal.

A donkey has two feet before
And two behind.
But you have to be behind
Before you find
What the two behind
Be for.

—Queen's Journal.

French Sentry—Halt, who goes
there?

Voice—American.

French Sentry—Advance and re-
cite "The Star Spangled Banner."

Voice—I don't know it.

French Sentry—Proceed, Ameri-
can.

—Queen's Journal.

And—don't miss this, as the
mouse, Miss Stanley, said when she
was up for murdering her father
and mother, long before the man
came to dinner,
"Be lenient judge," she said, "be
lenient with me, a poor orphan."

—Manitoba.

ON RABBITS

I had a little rabbit,
His name was Jim,
Got sixteen now,
Her was no him.

—Ubysey.

Blonde: "I've just hitch-hiked
here from California and my hand
is certainly tired."

Friend: "From signalling for
rides?"

Blonde: "No, from slapping mo-
torists who gave me lifts."

—Gateway.

Players' Club

Every member of the cast of "Out
of the Frying Pan" is expected to sit
for publicity photographs at Wm.
Notman and Son, 1330 Sherbrooke
St. W., at the following times,
Wed., Dec. 17—10 a.m. John Ay-
erill.

3 p.m.—Al Fraser.
4 p.m.—Bill Whittaker, Kay
Babbitt, Stan Eldinger.

Thurs., Dec. 18—10 a.m. Dick
Groom.

2 p.m.—Bunny Burke, Kina
Mitchell.

4 p.m.—Hugh Scott.

Friday, Dec. 19—4 p.m. Roy
Wolvin, Jackie Dorsey.

Each member is allowed fifteen
minutes from the hour to reach the
studio.

AC2 IN THE REDPATH

Well, tonight I guess I'll get in
a good solid evening's study. Boy,
what a crowd—Let's see now—Al-
ternating currents—Hmmm—who's
this? Oh, that blonde. Ulp—she
would sit there—Oh yes—"the
E.M.F. generated by the rise and
fall of flux through a coil"—through
a coil—coil—nice sweater—she
wears it well too—yellow always
was my favorite—"The shape of
this graph is a sine curve well
known to mathematicians." A sine
curve eh?—Huh I wonder if you
would call those sine curves—Sin
curves would be more—Let's see
now, better turn the page or they'll
think I'm not studying—"A small
condenser at high frequency will
provide as easy a passage to AC as
a large condenser at low frequency."
Lastly let us suppose—"A small
one pretty high is as easy as a large
one fairly low—hmm about five
foot two, I guess, and certainly not
large—Nice legs—and boy! what a
pair of—"Lastly let us suppose we
have a circuit with all three things
in series then we have an acceptor
circuit—"Shucks this stuff's just
plain logic!—Boy what a pair..."

Owing to the sad circumstances
that exist on our station, the
N.C.O.'s will be required to forego
their Christmas leave. Airmen have
relented in their attitude towards
these poor unfortunates and have
prepared the following menu for

their Christmas repasts. N.C.O.'s
will be expected to cook for them-
selves but the ideas are with the
kind wishes of all A.C.'s at McGill.

Menu
Entree
Blue point oysters on the half
shell with shmoozy on toast.
Soup
Eau de cologne with noodles,
Vegetables,
Pink fried grass, poison Ivy a la
garlic, pomme de terre (hash).
Le Course Principale.
Fried wood—you wouldn't no the
difference anyway—who wood?
Dessert
Grit mit filit or herring pie.
Beverage
Milk of magnesia, Castor oil
(with or without CI2H22O11).

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